

SHADES OF BLUE CH. 02

Jonnyflies

The story continues.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

19.5k words

When I wrote 'Shades of Blue' I had never intended to continue it to include their 'date' or them 'spending the night together'. The very kind and helpful comments, both public and private, almost universally pointed out that the ending was 'Rushed', and I must say, I have to admit it was. To those who left me a means to respond, either with an email address or their member I.D, I have already explained that this was, in a way, pure panic.

I am sure that many readers will recognise this situation. Many times before I had tried to write something, but it ended up all wrong and so was dumped into the trash bin, where it belonged. This story made it almost to a reasonable end, and it just seemed to work, so I thought it deserved to be 'aired'.

Then I found I was beginning to think along the 'trash bin' lines again!

This was when I made the decision to finish up and send it off before I 'chickened out'.

I Hope that also explains the, slightly odd credit to 'Smokahontas' for "making me wait", but then not waiting for her to 'edit' the story as I had asked her to. I apologise to her for being so impatient.

The comments I have received have convinced me that I had to continue the story to a proper conclusion.

The way I had ended the story, however, didn't really lend itself to its continuation.

For this reason I decided to re-write how I closed the original story.

That's the reason the ending of the first part is not exactly the same as the beginning of the second part.

I have tried to keep the 'content' and 'feeling' the same, so I hope you feel the changes are an improvement.

Once again, I send my thanks to all who took the time to comment. ALL were read and very much appreciated.

One anonymous private comment, made a very poignant comment about some of the content in the story.

I would have loved to have been able to reply to him, personally, but without a means of contact I was unable to do so.

If he reads this and feels he would like to comment on this continuation of my story, could I suggest that an 'anonymous' email address can be a very useful addition to have in your 'toolbox'.

I can only hope the continuation of this story meets the high standard my reader's comments suggest they are expecting from me.

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Shades of Blue. Chapter 2.

I walked out of Mums bedroom feeling like a king. I was in love and the woman of my dreams loved me too. I didn't care what the rest of the world might think; *my* world was a wonderful place.

I phoned the hotel to sort out our sleeping arrangements. "I'm afraid I clicked on the wrong box on the web site when I filled in the booking form." I said. "I actually require a double room, not a twin."

The lady at the hotel assured me that this was not a problem, they did have a double room available.

I apologised for it being such short notice, and asked. "Is it possible for there to be flowers, a bottle of champagne and a box of chocolates in the room? Only tonight is a very special occasion and I really need everything to be absolutely perfect for my wife."

"Yes, I can arrange that for you sir" she said, "May I ask what the occasion is?"

I know, I should have anticipated that question, but I didn't, and I panicked a bit.

"It's ... ummm our anniversary" I blurted out, "But we don't want any fuss, we have had a very difficult day."

"Oh, I see!" She said. "When is the actual anniversary?"

I noticed a slight change in her voice.

"Umm! ... It's today." I said. Kicking myself for being caught out so easily, hoping she hadn't noticed my hesitation.

"I see!" She said.

The change in her voice warned me. She had guessed that I wasn't telling her the whole truth.

I know from my own experience, if your work puts you into a 'face to face' situation with 'the public', you very quickly develop an instinct for when something you are being told isn't true. She had picked up on my confusion and I knew I now needed to be extra careful.

Then I had an idea!

"Is it possible to have a box of 'After Eights' in the room as well?" I asked. "Only It is something of a running joke between us. After such a very stressful day, I think it would help my ...umm! ... Wife, into a more relaxed frame of mind for the evening."

The slight hesitation before I said 'wife', this time was deliberate and done for a reason.

Because I knew the receptionist was now suspicious about the booking, I wanted to allay those suspicions.

The last thing I wanted was for the hotel to think this was just a couple going away for a 'Dirty Weekend'.

Of course, I knew referring to Mum as 'my wife' was something I would have to be careful about in future, but on this occasion I thought it was necessary. After all we were going to be sharing a double room

"I realise this is all at very short notice," I said "But I would be really grateful if you could. A 'friend' was supposed to have sorted everything out for tonight, and he has let me down very badly.

He has caused a huge upset, when everything was supposed to have been organised and beautiful.

When we realised how he had let us down, my wife was in tears.

She shouldn't have been upset like this;" I said "Not today of all days, her day was stressful enough without this.

Hopefully, if the rest of the day is all right, my wife and I can put this behind us and it won't spoil the memory of what should have been a wonderful day. The rest of her day just *has got* to be right."

There was a slight hesitation before the receptionist answered, "I don't think that will be a problem sir." She said. "I think I can arrange that. I am quite sure we will be able make tonight really special for you both."

I could have cheered! I just knew I had pulled it off.

The hints I had given she had picked up on and she thought she had figured out why something hadn't sounded right. She was convinced now that she had guessed our 'secret', and she sounded quite pleased with herself for having done so. Now all I had to do when we arrived was to reinforce that impression.

I thanked her again for her assistance and said we expected to arrive at about 4 O'clock, before hanging up the phone.

While I was talking to the receptionist I had, what I thought was another really good idea. I tapped on Mum's bedroom door.

"I need to go out to pick up something, but I won't be long," I said.

Mum opened her door and smiled almost shyly at me.

"I think it's going to take us both some time to get used to this new relationship," she said. "But if this is now going to be 'our bedroom', you really don't need to knock, before you enter."

I took her into my arms and hugged her.

"One step at a time" I said, "A lot of things are going to feel strange to both of us for a while, and just walking into, what I still think of as 'your bedroom' feels wrong to me.

I am sure you would have felt embarrassed, if I had just walked in and you had been undressed." I pointed out, "There are a lot of things we are both going to have to get used to.

Doing this," and I gently kissed her, "Is another thing we are not really used to doing. But as I fully intend doing it quite a lot in the future, I think you will get used to that rather quickly.

We have about an hours drive to where I have booked, so I suggest you wear something comfortable and change into your evening clothes at the hotel. I want you to wear something really nice to travel in, though. Pack the things you are going to wear tonight, there will be plenty of time to get changed into them at the hotel.

You are going to really 'knock 'em dead' when we walk into that restaurant."

"I suppose you have another suggestion about what you would like me to wear" said Mum, "What are you up to Paul? I get this feeling you are planning something else you are not telling me about."

"Trust me, Mum - please" I said, "What about that navy blue suit with the straight skirt? With a cream blouse it looks lovely on you, and its something else you never seem to wear. I will explain more on the way, but when we arrive at the hotel I want to give them the impression that tonight is a really special night for us."

I kissed her again and went to set in motion the idea I had when talking to the hotel receptionist. I had to get a couple of things set up, and then I would be ready to make our night perfect.

Mum, not knowing I had already got them, probably assumed I was going to buy condoms, she didn't know I had already bought them. I had something completely different in mind.

It didn't take me long to find what I was looking for. Within thirty minutes or so I was on my way home again.

I changed into my best suit and packing a change of underwear, a clean shirt and toiletries, and I was ready.

Mum was still getting changed.

Oh why does it take women so long to get ready for anything? Maybe they just like keeping us waiting.

I brought our cases down and loaded them into the car. Then I brought down the hanger with Mums dress for the evening and hung it up inside the car as well.

Now it was time to set up my surprise. I took something from the back of my wardrobe and, after a few minor adjustments, set it up on my chair in the lounge.

Then, as nervous as a kitten, I sat down and waited for her to come down.

At last I heard her coming down the stairs.

I met her at the lounge door, making sure I kept between her and my chair to hide what I had set up there.

"You look beautiful Mum," I said. "Have you got everything you need?"

"I think so" she said.

"Well! I think there is just one thing missing" I said; "I want you to come with me, please." I took her hand in mine and led her into the lounge, making sure I stayed between her and my chair.

Then I stopped with my back to my chair,. Facing her, and taking both of her hands in mine, I said:

"Everything I am and everything I have ever achieved in my life is because of you and your love for me."

Then I moved to one side and she first saw 'Ted', the old Teddy Bear she had bought me, years ago, as a comforter, when things were really bad between her and my dad and their constant fighting was upsetting me. I had folded and wrapped a white handkerchief around his neck to make it look like it was a clerical collar, and had put a pair of sun glasses on his nose. Under his arm (paw?) I had tucked '50 Shades of Grey'.

"I no longer have to hide my love for you." I said. "It is time for me to be a man, to stand up and declare:- "

"I, Paul Martin James, take thee Joanne Elizabeth Peters (her maiden name) to be my wedded wife. To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, keeping only unto you, for as long as we both shall live."

Onto the third finger of her left hand I slipped the wedding ring I had bought for her not half an hour before.

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

I may have got some of the words wrong, but I think, somehow, she got the general idea.

Mum was dumb-struck. She had tears running down her face and her mouth was open in shock but she couldn't speak. She was shaking even more than I was and I just held her, kissing her tears away, laughing at her reaction.

"What are you doing? When did you....? Where did? Why ...? **Oh My God! You can't do this!**" she spluttered.

"I can't do what?" I asked, "I am only doing what people who love each other have always done. Offered my love, everything I have and all I am, to the one I love and want to be with for ever.

Our new life together begins here, today, and, to make it everything we need it to be, one thing was missing.

One more thing was needed to make tonight perfect for us both.

One thing, to show you how much I love you. How much I am committed to you and our future together.

There is no-one else that I want.

My feelings for anyone else have never even come close to the feelings I have had to hide from you for too long.

If it had been possible for us to be married, publicly, in a church, I would have arranged that." I said, "But we both know that, for us, this isn't possible. Today, this lounge has to be our church.

I make these solemn vows, to you, today, here, in our church, and, I truly believe, before God." I grinned at her "and in front of our very own 'Father Ted'." (reference a very popular comedy

series on UK TV). "You are, from this moment, never mind what the rest of the world may think, as far as I am concerned, my wife."

I put my hand into my jacket pocket, took out a handful of confetti I had bought, and sprinkled it on her hair, just for effect. Then, with her still looking completely stunned, I led her to the car.

Tonight was going to be the start of our new life together.

Something I hadn't even dared to hope could ever happen, even in my dreams, was happening. Incest though it might be, I was going to spend tonight, and hopefully the rest of my life, in the arms of the woman I loved.

During the drive to the hotel, I explained to Mum about my phone call and what I had told the receptionist to allay her suspicion that this was just a 'Dirty Weekend'.

Mum looked doubtful, but I assured her I hadn't given anything away about our relationship, but I had tried to give the impression, without actually saying it, that today was our wedding day and my 'best man' had forgotten to book us in anywhere for our 'wedding night'.

"That's why I wanted you to wear something that looks like a bride's 'going away outfit'." I said. "It will strengthen that impression. It was while I was talking to the hotel that I had the idea about us getting married today," I said. "I never expected any of this to happen any more than you did, and it's all happening to me just as fast as it's happening to you."

I have been doing some pretty quick thinking on my feet today. I must admit though, I think the idea of us getting married was a good one." I said with a grin. "The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea."

I couldn't help a little chuckle as I said "and having 'Father Ted' to officiate at the service was just another one of my, quite normal, strokes of genius."

Did I mention, by the way, that I am a genius? Excessively modest, of course, but still a genius."

Mum laughed, which of course was what I wanted. I wanted us to arrive at the hotel with her at least looking hopeful, not with eyes all puffy from crying.

"I think it might be best if you leave most of the talking to me," I suggested. "Just play along with what I say, and if in doubt, just play the blushing bride. Leave it to me to sort it out. It's a good job that one of your dress rings was in that dish on the sideboard, or your wedding ring might have been a really rubbish fit."

"But we could have used my old wedding ring," said Joanne. "I still have it in my drawer upstairs."

"Over my dead body!" I replied. "Your first husband's input into our lives together ended over ten years ago. No way was I going to marry you using *his* ring! You are *my wife* and you will be wearing *my ring*, not his!"

That came out a little more forcefully than I had intended, and I think she was surprised. I did feel, however, that the point *had* to be made. It was only after I had said it, I realised I had said, "your first husband", *not* "my father".

The confetti had been an afterthought. There was a card shop next to the jewellers and I popped in there and bought a box. It turned out to have been a good idea though, because when we signed in at reception, a couple of pieces fell from Mum's hair onto the desk.

Lisa, the receptionist, spotted them and a self congratulatory smile spread over her face. She was now quite certain she had correctly 'read the signs' during our phone call. I just pretended I hadn't noticed the confetti and didn't say anything.

Lisa looked at me. "When you told me on the 'phone how you had been let down, I spoke to my manager. He suggested, as 'The Bridal Suite' was not being used this weekend and this was such a special occasion, perhaps we could upgrade your room. I have taken the liberty of having everything you requested sent up to there. Will that be all right?"

I thanked her and said, "That would be lovely." I put my arm around Joanne's waist and hugged her.

She looked absolutely stunned and she really was, at that moment, truly a 'blushing bride'. I held her to me. "I promised you I would make sure everything was all right darling," I said, and I kissed her gently on the lips. "I won't allow Pete's 'foul up' to spoil your day, and I'll sort everything else out after we get home."

Joanne clung to me. Her face was pressed into my shoulder and her shoulders were shaking.

The smile on the Lisa's face was a joy to behold. She thought Mum was crying with relief that everything was going to be all right, after all.

She was now completely convinced that she had 'saved the day' for the bride and groom.

It didn't seem right somehow to spoil her pleasure by telling her that she had just been 'conned', and Joanne wasn't crying at all. Her face was pressed into my shoulder, as she desperately tried to control a fit of giggles at the audacity of what I had just pulled off.

I held her close and gently whispered, just loud enough for Lisa to hear, "It's all right my love. This morning I promised I would look after you for the rest of our lives. You didn't think a little thing like this was going to make me break that promise, did you?"

I could see that Lisa had a tear in her eye as she called a porter and gave him our room key. "The Bridal Suite please, John." She told him.

John picked up our cases and led the way to the lift. He was grinning too, but thankfully didn't try to talk to us. I suppose he was quite used to visitors staying in the 'Bridal Suite' not wanting to chat too much with him.

He unlocked the door and ushered us into the most amazing suite of rooms I had ever been in. Holiday hotels I had stayed in before didn't even begin to compare.

I realised that when Lisa had mentioned 'The Bridal Suite', it might be a bit special, but nothing like this. This was something out of another world.

The outer door gave entry to a small lounge. Decorated throughout in white, with a gold motif.

There was a beautiful white leather two seat settee where we could sit and watch the small television set. In front of the window was a small dining table with two chairs. The table was laid out

with flowers, two champagne flutes, a box of 'Lindt' chocolates and, tucked in among the flowers, was a box of 'After Eights'.

On a shelf near the table was a glass fronted wine cooler, and inside that, a bottle of champagne.

The view from the window was across the gardens to a huge lake.

There were two other doors, one of which led into the bathroom. But what a bathroom!

A six piece bathroom suite, twin sinks, a Jacuzzi bath, a separate shower, a bidet and a WC.

Here again, the decorative theme was white and gold.

White tiles with a gold inlay. Taps and fittings, even the door handles, all in gold.

A connecting door then led directly into, what is, obviously, the most important room in the whole suite:

The bedroom!

Oh My God!

I have seen bedrooms like this before, but only in films. A huge queen sized bed, two quite small wardrobes, (I don't suppose anybody brings a lot of clothes for a stay in this room). There were also, two very comfortable looking armchairs. This was the only room in the suite not in white and gold. The whole room was decorated in a soft relaxing grey, with the carpet, a slightly darker shade than the walls. Curtains, bed cover and armchairs were in a soft red and the silk sheets on the bed were pure white.

"There is a telephone by the bed sir" said John, handing me the room key, "and another in your lounge.

If there is anything else you require, you will find the list of extensions by the phone, please do not hesitate to call. Breakfast will be served in your dining area on request, at any time up to 11.o'clock. Call 'room service' with your choices when you are ready. The breakfast menu is on the dining table."

I was in shock, "don't we have to come down for breakfast then?" I asked.

"You may, of course, breakfast in the restaurant with the other guests, if you prefer, sir. We have found, though, that sometimes, especially if other wedding guests are staying overnight as well, there can, in the morning, be a certain amount of teasing. This can sometimes cause embarrassment to the happy couple.

For this reason the hotel provides the option for them to breakfast together, privately, in their room.

It also extends the intimacy of such a special night together".

I reached into my pocket to tip him, but he held up his hand to stop me.

"Thank you sir, but that isn't necessary. It is our pleasure to provide for you. Please don't hesitate to call if there is anything else you require. In the main lounge tonight, we have our resident musical

trio, and you will be very welcome, should you wish to join them. They are very good and have a wide repertoire. I am sure you would enjoy listening to them. There is also a small dance floor."

He then let himself out of the room, quietly closing the door behind himself.

I looked at Joanne.

She looked at me.

Neither of us spoke for several seconds, then, as always seems to happen in these situations, we both started to speak at once. Being the 'gentleman' I waited to let her speak first.

"How much is all this costing?" She asked in a shocked tone. "This room alone must be costing a fortune, never mind the flowers and champagne. With dinner in the restaurant, and room service for breakfast, you must have cleared out your bank account and 'maxed out' your credit cards for all this."

"I don't think so Mum." I replied. "I booked us a double room with breakfast. Yes! I asked for the flowers, champagne and chocolates, and also made a reservation for dinner. The hotel has upgraded us to this suite, which I didn't ask for, or expect. I will only have to pay for what I booked. This hotel isn't the cheapest I could have found, but I thought it looked very good online, so I booked it."

We have a reservation in their restaurant for 8 o'clock. Once again, although it isn't the cheapest restaurant in the area, they have a very good reputation, and it looked 'special' which, as you know, was what I wanted." I grinned at her "You don't have to worry though. Even though you lost the bet and have to pay for the meal. I'll deal with it and you can settle up with me later."

(It's all right! Don't shout at me! She knew I was only teasing.)

"It was their idea to upgrade us to this. Did you expect me to turn it down? Anyway, if I do end up with my bank account empty, I don't care. I only intend getting married once so let's enjoy this, our special day." I gave her my best lecherous grin, "To say nothing of our special night."

I went over to the table and picked up the box of 'After Eights', "You did say you were looking forward to what follows dinner, didn't you? Would you like an early taste of paradise?" I offered her the box.

Perhaps, on reflection, that was not absolutely the best thing I could have said, under the circumstances. Joanne threw herself at me and hugged me so tightly I thought for a moment she was going to crush my ribs.

"I don't know how you have managed to do all this" she sobbed into my shoulder. "This morning I thought I had smashed my whole world and everything in it, to pieces. Somehow, from nothing, while I was hiding myself away in the bathroom, you have gone out and conjured up the most magical day of my whole life."

After our talk, even my 'chip shop and a lay-by' suggestion would have made a wonderful evening for me, just as long as I was with you. But this - this is like a fairy tale. It has surpassed anything I could have even dreamed of. I nearly lost it though, in reception, when she told us we were being upgraded to the bridal suite."

"I must admit, that nearly got me too" I said. "But even when she said 'The Bridal Suite', I never imagined all this." I looked at the list of telephone numbers and I noticed there was a hairdresser listed.

I pointed it out to Joanne and asked, "If she is still available, would you like me to see if she can 'glam up' your hair for tonight?"

"She will have finished and gone home by now." said Joanne, "But I haven't had time to do much to it myself. Yes! Give the number a ring and see if anyone answers."

I dialled the number and to my surprise it was picked up on only the second ring.

"I wonder if it would be possible for someone to look at my wife's hair," I asked "Only it has got a little windswept, and she really would like to be looking her best for tonight."

The lady on the phone asked for my room number.

As soon as I said "The Bridal Suite", she said, "Of course sir! If your wife could come down to the salon as soon as she is ready. We are in the corridor to the left of reception. I am sure I will be able to help."

I thanked her and said that my wife (I must admit, I do like the sound of that word) would be right down.

Looking at Joanne, I told her the salon was still open, and they could see her right away.

I reminded her, "Keep it a bit vague regarding what happened, but stick to what I hinted at to reception. The best man forgot to book anywhere for us tonight and this caused a big argument. I found this hotel on the internet, and booked us in here at the last minute. You can stress how grateful we are to the hotel for helping us out in this situation, but if anyone pushes too hard for details, I suggest that the usual ladies standby of tears, might stop too many more awkward questions.

We don't want to be thrown out of this lovely suite as frauds, do we? Then we really would have to fall back on the 'chip shop' option."

We left the suite, made our way back down past reception and I left Joanne at the hairdressing salon. I told her I would be waiting for her in the bar, when she was finished, and I said I would sort out the bill then. As I returned through reception, Lisa was still there behind the desk and she asked, "Is the room satisfactory?"

"Satisfactory doesn't even begin to describe the room." I said. "I cannot thank you enough for everything you have done for us. I can't even begin to explain how much this has meant to my wife and I. You knew, didn't you? You knew it wasn't our anniversary. Joanne was so upset, I thought it best not to mention that it was our wedding day. I didn't want her to spend tonight remembering what had happened. What was it that 'tipped you off'?"

"You seemed so unsure about such simple things. That's what made me think you were hiding something," said Lisa, "There was a slight hesitation before you said 'My wife', as if you were not used to calling her that, which at first made me think this was just another unmarried couple on a 'weekend away'. But then you mentioned that 'a friend' had forgotten to book tonight's room for you.

That was when it clicked. You don't ask a friend to book you a hotel for a 'weekend away', or even for an anniversary. That was when I guessed what was going on. It was the only explanation that made sense.

Today was your wedding day! That friend had to have been your 'best man'. You had trusted him to book somewhere for tonight, and he had messed up badly and forgotten. He was, wasn't he?"

Now I had to really think quickly. If I was going to get away with this, I was going to have to be very convincing.

"Yes, he was," I said, doing my best to look shamefaced at having tried to hide the truth from her. As it turned out, he was not really the best man I could have chosen.

His speech, which obviously he wouldn't let me see beforehand, was to say the least, disgusting. It was full of sexual innuendos and he insulted almost everyone. He even made suggestions about what Joanne and I would be doing tonight, which, as far I have ever understood, is the one area that he should have stayed right away from.

I suppose he thought he was being funny, but nobody else did. Especially Joanne's parents, who are a bit... Old fashioned. They were definitely not impressed about those comments.

Then, after the speeches, Joanne's mother asked him where we were spending tonight, he said, "I don't know, Paul hasn't told me." When she said that he was supposed to have booked somewhere, he claimed he didn't know he was expected to do that, but I know I told him to find us somewhere really nice, and he said it was all in hand.

Joanne's mother screamed and fainted. Father-in-Law, luckily, caught her and sat her in a chair. He was still fuming about that speech, and he wanted to, as he put it, 'punch Pete's lights out'. He didn't though! Instead he finished up holding *me* back, because I wanted to do it first.

Then someone else got in before either of us and floored him. I think it was the bridesmaid's boyfriend, who it seems was standing in line to have a go at him for a comment he had made about her in his speech. One of Pete's friends then joined in and whole thing turned into a total disaster."

I grabbed Joanne and we took a taxi back to her place. In the taxi, Joanne said she wished we had just moved in together like some of our friends had done.

Her parents would have had a fit if we had done, but at least, she said, all this would never have happened.

That's when I knew I had to do something to salvage her day. For a bride to wish, on her wedding day, that her wedding had never happened was unthinkable. But she wasn't just '*any bride*', she was *MY bride*! He was *MY* choice for 'Best Man' and he had completely destroyed *HER* day.

Joanne locked herself in the bathroom and I could hear her crying. I fired up her computer, and searched for somewhere far enough away from the scenes of chaos we had left behind, but within easy driving distance. Somewhere that looked really nice, so we could get right away from everything which had happened and hopefully salvage something from the wreckage of the day.

That was when I found your website.

Then I went and messed up the booking form by ticking the box for a twin room instead of a double. A twin room! For our wedding night! I ask you! How stupid was that? Luckily, Joanne

noticed it when I managed to get her to come out of the bathroom and showed her the Hotel web site and the print-out of my booking. As you can probably imagine, she went straight back into the bathroom in another flood of tears.

That's when I made that panic phone call to you. I was in such a state by then, I am surprised that I made any sense at all when I was asking you to change the booking. You can see why, after all that, I said the rest of the evening had to be perfect."

"When we arrived, Joanne was still a bit tearful, and when you offered the upgrade to 'The Bridal Suite' she almost broke down completely. I never in my wildest dreams could have imagined having what you have given us. I just cannot thank you enough."

"We are pleased we have been able to help," said Lisa. "I spoke to the manager after you phoned, and he asked me how sure I was that something had gone wrong at your wedding. I told him I was fairly sure but didn't have anything more definite to go on, it was just a feeling.

He then said I could use my discretion and if, when you arrived, I still thought the same, I could offer you the upgrade. I was already fairly sure in my own mind, so I asked for the room to be made ready. When I saw how upset your wife was when you arrived, I just knew I was right. For a bride to be that upset on her wedding day, whatever had gone wrong just had to be really, really bad.

I managed to catch Marie in the salon before she went home, and asked if she would stay on a little. I had a feeling your wife might have need of her services."

"So that's something else we have to thank you for." I said. "While she was crying in the bathroom, Joanne washed out what she had done to her hair this morning. I think she was trying to erase the memory of the whole day.

Luckily her case was already packed, so I just picked it up and put her things in the car. I had a bit of -- "I'm *not going anywhere, everything is ruined*", to contend with, but I got her into the car and here we are. Now she is in the salon having everything put right and, with that room as well, everything is looking great again. You have completely turned our whole day around. Turning a disaster, back into the magical time it was supposed to have been from the start.

I have told Marie to do whatever Joanne wants. 'Make her feel as a bride *should* feel on her wedding day' I told her."

I grinned at her, "I know! This could turn out to be a bit expensive, but I think it is a big part of the re-building of *her* day, and will be worth every penny if it helps us put the troubles of this afternoon behind us. I would like to thank you again for your help, and would you please thank the manager for me too?"

As I said that a man came out of an office behind reception.

"I am glad we could be of service sir" he said, "Lisa seemed so certain, and I know I can trust her instincts. I am sure, during the rest of your stay, we will be able to help you get over the disappointments you both have suffered today."

I realised he must be the manager, and had been listening from the office to the story I had given to Lisa. I must admit, I was beginning to feel quite guilty about having 'conned' them like I had, but I couldn't back out now. I made up my mind to at least put some of it right. I stepped forward with my hand outstretched for him to shake. As we shook hands I said. "I cannot thank you enough. I

know, when a hotel offers a room upgrade, it is normal practice that the guest only pays for the room they have booked, not the upgrade. On this occasion, with everything you have done for us, I must ask I be allowed to pay for this room. I'm not a rich man, but whatever is the rate for 'The Bridal Suite', please allow me to pay it. The choice of 'Best Man' was mine. The 'foul up' was therefore, also mine.

You and your staff have been magnificent, helping me out of a really awkward situation at very short notice and I cannot, in all conscience, ask you to foot the bill, for what were, after all, my mistakes.

If I had known 'The Bridal Suite' was available when I phoned, I would probably have booked it anyway, so please allow me to at least pay for what the hotel is providing."

The manager looked at me in surprise. I could see he hadn't expected this. He thought for a moment and then looked at Lisa, smiled at her, and then said: "I must admit, I did wonder if this was indeed a genuine situation, but as I said, I do trust Lisa's judgement. Your offer to pay for the suite has proved to me, beyond any doubt, her instincts were right. Under the circumstances, I am pleased the Suite was available and we were able to offer it to you. I would like you to accept the upgrade, as a wedding present to you both, from the hotel."

I said, "When you put like that, I have no choice but to accept. It would be impolite of me to refuse. Thank you so much, and I know I am speaking for both of us, when I say we will never forget your kindness."

I looked from him to Lisa and back again. Something seemed to be happening here, right in front of me. The Manager was looking at her and smiling, and she had become softer somehow. She looked different, almost as if she had become, not shy, almost embarrassed. She was blushing. Was it because he was smiling at her? Not a reaction I would expect her to have, just because her boss was pleased with her for spotting our situation.

I hadn't realised until that moment, what she must have seen when we had checked in. Maybe I was just seeing 'love' everywhere today, but when someone is that much in love, it shows.

I could see she was in love with this man. It was written all over her face, as soon as she looked at him.

I am not a betting man, but I would have put money on the manager being in love with her too. But it also looked to me, as if he was as blind to her feelings for him, as she was to his, for her. He loved her, but somehow he couldn't see she was crazy about him. Relationships are complicated things. Life would be so much simpler, if less interesting, if they weren't.

I had settled down in the bar with a stiff drink, which by then I really needed, to settle my nerves. I was on my second, when a man sitting across the bar, who was facing the entrance from reception, gave a low whistle of appreciation and began to get up. I looked round to see what had attracted his attention just as Joanne walked into the room. She looked absolutely stunning.

Not only had her hair been styled really beautifully, but her make up had been re-done to enhance her natural beauty. Every man in the bar was looking at her, and I knew, almost to a man they were wishing she was with them.

I felt so proud as I crossed the bar and took her hand, leading her to my table.

I was about to kiss her when she placed her hand on my chest, "Don't you dare!" she whispered, smiling at me, "This look has cost a small fortune to achieve and you are not going to mess it up - well not yet anyway," she said with a shy smile. "You said you wanted me to 'wow' the restaurant tonight, and that's just what I intend to do."

"That's going to be easy" I said, "The eyes of every man in this bar followed you as you walked in. I expect you are, at this moment, the subject of several, quite immoral, fantasies." I grinned at her "At least half of *them* are mine! But I can feel the waves of envy from here. Goodness only knows what you will do to them when you are wearing that dress tonight."

"Have I told you that you are probably the most beautiful woman in the world?" I asked.

She almost blushed. "No" she said, and then she smiled up at me. "Well, not in the last 45 minutes, anyway. But I am parched, don't I get a drink? You also need to go and pay Marie for her work on my hair and make-up. I thought it best not to use my card. If we only got married this morning, I wouldn't have a card in my married name yet, would I?"

"I must be getting forgetful," I said, "I haven't got over the transformation from you being merely 'beautiful' to being 'heart stopping-ly, breath taking-ly gorgeous', yet".

I must have had a grin that almost split my face as I went to the bar and ordered her a glass of white wine.

Putting the glass down in front of her I whispered that I needed to fill her in on developments, but I would sort out the hairdressing bill, first. "You were right to leave the salon for me to sort out." I whispered. "Don't you go running off with anyone else while I am away now" I said, "Because as soon as I walk out of this bar, leaving you here, there is going to be a queue forming." I took her hand and raised it to my lips. "Another thing I haven't told you in the last 45 minutes - I Love You!"

Back at the salon I paid Marie using my credit card.

Phew! These ladies hairdressing salons certainly do know how to charge don't they? Not that I am complaining, she had done an amazing job at very short notice, staying late especially for us. I gave her a large tip and didn't begrudge her a penny of it.

Passing through reception again, Lisa was still at reception, smiling all over her face.

"Your wife looked a lot happier when she came past just now." She said.

"Oh Yes!" I replied. "As soon as we saw the suite, I knew our whole day was looking up. Then having her hair and make up re-done was, I think, the thing which has convinced her that our day has just been given back to us. The look on her face when she entered the bar said it all. As I said, this is all down to you. Thank you! I think I must be the luckiest man in the world just now."

Back in the bar I sat next to my new wife, just holding her hand. I couldn't stop gazing at her. It was hard to take in that this beautiful lady beside me had, in a single day, gone from being the mother, who I had adored for years, to being the woman I was going to spend the whole of the rest of my life making love to.

It was at this point the realisation of what we were doing really hit me and I think I went into a kind of shock.

Tonight, for the first time since that night. when a neighbour phoned the police, to report 'a domestic' I was going to sleep with my mother.

The memories of that night came flooding back and I couldn't stop myself from shaking. My father had attacked her. I don't know what started this particular row, but I think he was drunk, again. I tried to get between them to stop him from hitting her, and he punched me in the face. When the police arrived, my mouth was bleeding and mum was on the lounge floor, crying and bleeding from her head. She was having trouble breathing because he had also kicked her in the stomach. The police immediately arrested him and took him to the police station, where he was charged with two counts of 'Assault'.

A policewoman stayed with us at the hospital, where I was examined first. Then Mum was checked over, including x-rays and photographs of her injuries, for evidence. Then the police took us home.

That night I slept in Mum's bed with her, and she held me close all night. I say 'we slept', but I don't think either of us did much sleeping.

The next day Mum took me to the police station with her and told them she wanted to press charges. They took her statement, and then a very nice lady asked me what I had seen and what had happened. She wrote it all down and I had to sign it. She then talked with Mum for a while and gave her the name of a solicitor to begin divorce proceedings.

When dad came up in court, he was sent to prison for 6 months. Mum's solicitor asked for, and got, a restraining order preventing him from coming within a certain distance from her, the house or me, when he got out. The divorce papers were served on him in prison, and within a couple of months of his release, we were free of him.

At the time I was 8 years old!

The difference tonight, of course was, I would not be a little boy, frightened and crying, and who she was comforting. Tonight I was her new husband, and I would be making love to her in *our* bed for the first time in our lives.

Joanne was looking at me with a worried look on her face. She could see something was hurting inside me. "Paul" She said taking my hand. "What is it?"

I squeezed her hand, "I am all right" I said, "but I need to bring you up to date on what I told the hotel while you were in the hairdressers. Nothing to be alarmed over, but just a few things you need to be aware of, so when you have finished your drink I think we should go up to the room so we can talk."

"Are you sure everything is all right?" she asked "Only you went very pale and you are shaking."

"I am all right now." I said, "I just had a momentary 'flash back' but I am OK now. I had to elaborate on our story a little," I said, "So it's best if you know what I have said, then, if anything is mentioned you will know where it is coming from."

There is no rush, just keep remembering that this is our wedding day, relax and take things slowly. After all, much as we might want to, it wouldn't be seemly to be seen rushing back to our room, would it. We don't want people to think we are sex mad, do we?"

I leaned in closer and whispered, "Even if I am! Oh my love, I am going to make you so happy that we have found the courage to tell each other how we feel. I can't wait to hold you and bring out 'Anna', the girl I met and so loved to be with, in your room."

I planted a tiny kiss behind her ear, where it wouldn't make a mess of her make up, and was again rewarded with that lovely little shiver and her intake of breath.

"Not here ... please." Joanne said. "I may look composed, but believe me it's only an act. If you start doing that, the way I am feeling just now, somehow I don't think the hotel would approve of what I will do to you. Wedding day or not, I don't think the manager would approve. Well! Not in front of an audience, in the hotel bar, anyway."

She finished her wine and I picked up both of our glasses. I put the empty glasses on the bar and thanked the barman. Then I took Joanne's hand in mine and led her to the lift. I had not really noticed up to this point, just how many pairs of eyes were watching us. Most of the men had an envious 'you lucky bastard' sort of look on their faces, and there was a dewy eyed, soft smile on the faces of the couple of ladies present.

Once back in our room I took her in my arms and just held her. I knew I couldn't kiss her in case I spoiled her make up, so I held her close and told her how much I loved her. Then we sat on the sofa and I told her about the story I had concocted for Lisa and the manager.

I told her everything I had told them, the whole fantasy! The 'best mans speech' the 'insults' he thought were jokes, the fight, her crying in the bathroom while I frantically searched for a room for our wedding night on the internet, the whole tale.

I told her that it was Lisa who had asked Marie in the salon to stay late to sort out her hair and make up. How the manager had been listening in the office behind reception and how I had offered to pay the full rate for this suite, but that he had refused and insisted that the upgrade was the hotel's wedding present to us.

I grinned at the memory, as I told her about what I thought I had seen pass between him and Lisa, and I told Joanne everything I thought was happening there.

"Paul" she said "I think it's time I told you about some of the things which led up to your father and I splitting up. There are things you need to know. Things I have never been able to tell you about. Now, with the night you have planned for us and the step we are intending to take, before we do I want to tell you the whole truth. There are things which happened between him and me, you never knew anything about. You were far too young then to know about those things. I wanted to tell you earlier. That's why I showed you my '*box of shame*', I was going to tell you then, but you wouldn't listen. But you have to know, or it is going to come back and haunt us later."

"No it won't" I said, taking her hands in mine, "I won't let it. All right, I admit, some of the things in that box were a bit of a surprise to me, but don't you see, they don't matter. It is not a 'box of shame' at all, it is just where you kept some personal items that you sometimes needed.

Tonight is a celebration of our love for each other and I will not permit anything to spoil that. Tomorrow, when we get home, we are going to have to figure out how we are going to manage to live together as man and wife, without any nosey outsiders noticing. Then I will listen! We can talk about whatever you want, then, but NOT tonight. We have the rest of our lives to talk, to get to know each other, not as mother and son, but as lovers, and to make decisions about what is and is not important to us."

"Tonight is for us, as a newly married couple, to begin our married lives together. All of my life we have been together, I know, but from today everything has changed. We can't be the people we were yesterday. I know, everything has happened to us so fast our heads are spinning with it. Things have happened to us so fast that you are afraid it could fall apart just as quickly, but I promise you, my love, that it won't."

"When I was about eleven or twelve, I knew you were the most important person in the world to me. I thought then, it was just because you were my mother. I thought every boy felt like that about his mother, but I quickly realised, although other boys loved their Mums, for me it was different, I didn't know why it was, but I knew it was not the same for them as it was for me. I thought maybe it was because, with dad being no longer around, there was only you, but because it was so different, somehow I just knew I had to hide how I was feeling."

"I think I was fifteen, maybe sixteen, when I began to understand what those feelings were. What the meaning of the feelings I had whenever I was near you, was. Then I was ashamed, because by then I was old enough to know, what I felt was wrong. You talk about *your* 'box of shame'! My shame wouldn't fit into a shoe box -- Mine would need a huge packing case."

"For years I have wanted to take you out on a proper 'date', but I was too afraid to ask. How could I have asked 'Will you go out with me? Not as my mother, but as a proper date, because I think I am in love with you!' Then I saw a way I could at least ask for a date and take you out properly. I made it into a 'fun bet', a 'joke', if you like, when I challenged you to read that book. Yes, the book is a good, erotic read, and I still don't think it is pornographic. Let's be honest though, it isn't exactly 'Great Literature' is it? But whatever you thought of it, either way, I would still get to take you out, on a date. That would be, for me, a fantasy come true. Just to be able to take you out as my date for the evening. I could pretend for a few short hours, if only to myself, you were my girlfriend. That was why I was so insistent it was 'a date' even when you tried to tell me it wasn't. I was living my fantasy and I wasn't going to let go of it that easily."

"This morning, as you know, I saw something I wasn't supposed to see. I know I shouldn't have watched, but I couldn't stop myself. Watching you like that, you looked so beautiful, but even then, somehow I felt you were sad, so alone. I longed to hold you, to comfort you. Your sadness almost made me want to cry. The sexual tension seemed to take hold of us both, so I used needing to go into town, almost as an excuse to go and take a shower. I finished off with almost cold water, just so I could cool my thoughts down a little.

When I came back down after my shower, I don't think either of us had calmed down very much, and the tension was still there. I suggested I go and get out your dress for tonight, but you followed me upstairs and the tension between us in your bedroom was almost electric. It was so strong that it just took control of me, and that was when I kissed you."

"In that moment I felt something wonderful 'happen' between us. I knew you had felt it too and it had scared you, probably even more than it did me, but my whole being cried out 'kiss her again you fool, kiss her again'. That second kiss was when I knew you really wanted me too. You were still

fighting it, hiding it, mainly from yourself, struggling against what your body was telling you, but I knew.

Now I knew I had to either convince you to stop fighting and follow your heart, or cut and run.

Something told me that finding 'Anna' was the key.

Without quite understanding how it had happened, we had created a fictional extra person within you. One who could be my 'date' not my mother, and as my date, she could allow me to hold her and kiss her like this, which, as my mother you thought you couldn't."

"That third kiss was the battleground. If I have ever put all my eggs into one basket, I did it then. That was the moment, I knew my whole life could become either heaven or hell! I still half expected you to push me away, and just for a moment you still resisted, but then you found *your* 'escape clause'. 'Anna' really was there, she was inside you, but she was more than a 'way out'. She really *was* you. The moment you found her, you surrendered. That was the moment when I knew you were mine."

"Of course I knew that I could have made love to you, I am not that innocent, I could see how aroused you were. I am not a saint, if it had been *anyone* other than you, I would have 'gone for it' and taken advantage of the opportunity. The reason I pulled back was *not* just because you were my mother. I want to make that completely clear. I had fantasised about making love to you for so long, it was all my wildest dreams rolled into one - but that was also why I couldn't do it. You are the woman I love, and if I had pressed on, I wouldn't have been making love to you. I would have been fucking you!"

"If we had fucked at that moment, something inside told me that after the 'ecstasy' would have come the 'agony'. You would have been so ashamed of what we had done, you would have blamed yourself. We only shared three kisses you went and locked yourself in the bathroom, in tears, because of what you felt, and what you knew you had wanted us to do. Imagine how you would have been feeling if I had taken that 'next step', laid you down and actually fucked you? Because if I had taken that step, at that moment, that's what it would have been."

"How could you have even allowed me to stay in the same house as you? If I had taken advantage of you like that you would never have trusted me again.

That's why I rushed off into town, we had to be apart. We both had to 'cool off' or we would have done something we would never have been able to forgive ourselves for."

"When I bought that underwear, my head was still spinning with the thoughts of what I had had the chance to do, but had stopped and moved back from. By the time I got home I had regained some control. I knew we had to talk about what had happened between us in your room. I knew you had felt my love for you, as I had felt yours for me.

We couldn't just pretend it hadn't happened, so we had to discuss where we went from here."

"So! For the last four or five **hours** you have known that I am in love with you. I have known that for four or five **years**, and I still can't believe what has happened today. I still can't believe I threw caution to the wind this morning. How could I risk everything by kissing you like that?

That kiss told you that I loved you. For years I had wanted to tell you, but didn't dare to. Now you knew! I knew you loved me, but your love had always been mother's love for her son. Had I read

something into that kiss that wasn't really there? Something that was just what I had wanted for so long? I really didn't know!

I do understand though, how much of a shock discovering these new feelings must have been for you. Having your son tell you he is in love with you, telling you that he wants you to be, in all but name, his wife. Knowing he wants an adult, sexual relationship with you. It is hardly an everyday occurrence is it?

Suddenly, in less than one day, I am asking you to see me, not as 'your little boy' but as a 'life partner and lover'. If I assume what you said at home, still holds, and I know we wouldn't *be* here if it didn't, this is what you want too."

"What I need to know is how you are feeling about this now? Now we are on the point of it actually happening. Of us actually going to bed together, as a newly married couple, with everything that entails, what are your thoughts and feelings now?."

If in the deepest recess of your mind, you don't feel you are ready yet to take this step. Unless you are absolutely sure you want me to 'sleep with you' - tonight I will sleep on this sofa. No-one in the hotel will know, but I won't lay a finger on you unless you are sure you want me to.

It won't stop me loving you, nothing will ever do that. I have loved you for a long time, in secret.

The only difference as far as I am concerned, is that now you know that I love you. I have dreamed and fantasised about being like this, with you, for years. So what if tonight doesn't happen?

I have already realised most of my fantasies just by holding you and kissing you. Having you knowing how I feel about you, and you letting me hold you and kiss you is a dream come true for me. If it takes another year before you are ready to take this final step, I will just have to wait -- and I will wait. I will wait forever if need be.

What I will not do, is make you do something you are not completely happy with.

If you think, now we have come this far, you have no choice. If you think it's now too late for you to back out, and you have to take this last step - If you have the slightest doubt that I really do love you, as I say I do.

Then I will sleep here, and tomorrow we can go home and try to work out where we are going with our lives together. But whatever you decide, we *will be* together. I said earlier, that nothing is going to happen that we don't *both* want to happen, and I meant it."

Joanne squeezed my hands and stood up, drawing me to my feet. "You are the one who likes to quote song lyrics, so here is one, from me: -- Elvis. - 'A little less conversation, a little more action' -- seems to fit the moment, don't you think?"

Not to be outdone, I grinned at her. "I can live with that But how about - Dr Hook. - 'When you think I've loved you all I can, I'm going to love you a little bit more'."

She led me into the bedroom and pushed the door closed behind us. I could feel she was embarrassed and a bit shy, standing in this beautiful bedroom with me, her son. She put her arms around my neck and held me tightly to her. She could feel I was already aroused, my hard cock was pressing against her tummy, and she couldn't stop herself from shaking. I guided her to the bed

and sat her on the edge, before sitting beside her, gently lifting her chin so that she was looking into my eyes. "It's all right" I said "I know this is a huge step, but believe me, we don't have to do anything if you don't want to."

"Are you ever going to stop talking?" she said. "Just at this moment I really don't want to think about this too much. I am sure, next time I will be fine, but, for me, and I know for you too, this first time is going to be an enormous step, but it is one that I am ready, and more than willing to take."

She stood up and took off her jacket, carefully folding it and laid it on one of the chairs. Then she unfastened her skirt and, stepping out of it, put it with the jacket. Her blouse very quickly joined them and she then took off her shoes and her tights. For a moment she stood looking at me, wearing only her bra and panties, then she reached behind her back and released the fastenings of her bra, slipping it forward to reveal her breasts. Never taking her eyes from mine, for what seemed like a lifetime, but was in reality only, a few seconds, she remained standing by the chair.

I knew these were the biggest few seconds of my life as she made the decision which would define our future lives. Then she slowly walked back to where I still sat on the edge of the bed and stood before me.

"It has been a long time since I have been with a man, so please be gentle with me Paul. Later we can explore all kinds of possibilities but this, our first time, more than anything else, please, I need you to be kind and to love me. Undressing like I have, in front of you, is the only way I can think of, right now, to convince you that I really do want to be with you, here, now. The last step, though, is too much for me to take all of the responsibility for, on my own. You have to share this moment and accept the responsibility for everything it means, with me. I do want to be your wife in every way and I do want you to make love to me. I am making this commitment to you, as you made yours to me before we left home.

Paul, you say that you truly love me. You say you want me to be yours for the rest of my life. Only one other man has ever said that to me, and as you know he beat me, and then left me. Having you to focus on, to care for and look after, was all that kept me sane through those dark times. I know you are not like him. I believe you when you say you love and want me But, if you truly do love me and want me to be your partner for life, *you* have to be the one to take my panties off."

"I have no doubts, but if you have the slightest doubt in *your* mind that this is a 'lifetime commitment'. Unless you really are 100% certain that I am the one you really want to share your whole life with. Unless you do *really, really* want me, and genuinely want me to be your partner for the rest of your life - I am going to ask you not to do this to me, not to take my panties off Please don't take me, then reject me like your father did I don't think I could stand that happening to me again."

She stood before me, her eyes now fixed on the floor, I could see she was shaking with the strain of holding her emotions in check. I reached out and put my arms around her waist, drawing her to me, gently kissing her breasts and taking first one then the other nipple into my mouth, teasing them with my tongue, swirling my tongue around them. She groaned, as the sensations my tongue was sending flooded through her body. I looked up at her.

"What do you mean '**if** I want you'?" I said. "How could any man **not** want you? I have wanted you ever since I first knew there was a difference between men and women. You light up the whole room for me whenever you enter it. You are so beautiful you make my heart pound, and take my

breath away, and you can still ask if I *really* want you? My father, was, and still is, a fool! He had the love of the most beautiful woman in the world, and like the fool he is, he threw it away."

"This afternoon, in '*our*' church, in front of *our* 'Father Ted' I made a solemn vow to you.

Yes! The 'church' and 'Father Ted' were a little bit of fun, but the vows I made to you were NOT!

I could not have been more serious if the service was being conducted in the Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Joanne Elizabeth Peters, that you were. You are now, truly Joanne Elizabeth James. The wife and life partner of Paul Martin James, who loves you with every fibre of his being, and will always love you."

My hands moved to the elastic waistband of her panties and I gently begin to draw them over her hips and down her legs. Dropping to my knees, I looked up at her, as I lowered her panties all the way down her legs to her ankles. She placed one hand gently on my head to steady herself as she lifted first one foot and then the other for me to take her knickers right off. She held out her hand for me to give them to her.

I placed them in her hand and she threw them across the room to land on the floor, next to the chair which held the rest of the clothes she had just taken off. Kneeling there my face was on a level with her pussy and I was almost mesmerised by a vision of a beautifully trimmed 'landing strip' of pubic hair leading the way to the delicate lips of her vagina.

"Wow!" I gasped, "This is new, you were not trimmed like this when I kissed you there this afternoon."

She shyly covered herself with her hands. "Do you like it?" She asked.

I took her hands and moved them away so that I could continue to look at her. "Oh yes," I said. "I absolutely love it." I leaned forward and pressed my lips to the top of the strip, tickling her with my tongue and slowly working my way down until my tongue parted her pussy lips and found her stiff little clitoris.

I felt a shudder run through her body and her other hand joined the first on my head, pressing my lips more tightly against her most secret place. My tongue moved down to lap at her sweet juices and then returned to her clitoris, the seat of her pleasure. Wrapping my arms around her hips I held her to me as I swirled my tongue around it, sucking and rolling it between my lips.

She groaned with pleasure as I sucked and teased her already tender clitoris. I could feel her climax building inside her.

"Oh God! Oh Paul, Yes! Yes! She moaned, and her legs almost gave way. She staggered as she gave herself to the orgasm that burst on her as I sucked on her clitoris between my lips, teasing it with my tongue. I wrapped my arms around her hips and held her, supporting her, holding her upright as her orgasm shook her whole body. As it subsided I gently turned her around until the backs of her legs touched the edge of the bed. Then, releasing my hold around her hips, I took both her hands in mine and drew her down so that she first sat, then laid back on the bed.

I was now kneeling between her thighs and putting my arms under them I gently pushed them up, so that they rested on my shoulders, the treasure that was her newly trimmed pussy lay open before me. I could see by the amount of juices oozing from her vagina, how aroused she was, and I lowered my lips back onto her soaking wet pussy.

The taste of her sweet juices intoxicated me. I had to have more. Yes I wanted to make love to my beautiful new wife, but at that moment I needed to taste more of the nectar pouring from her. My fingers gently spread her lips apart for my tongue to lick up the glistening evidence of her passion. I gently pushed it into the opening of her vagina, sucking her love juice from her pussy and licking her from there to her clitoris and back down again.

Muffled by her thighs pressing against my ears, I could still hear her panting and her cries of "Oh My God! Oh Yes! Oh God! Yes! Yes!" Then with a long drawn out "Ohhhhhhh Ohhhhhh Ohhhhh my God -- Oh yes Paul Yes Aaaaaaaahhh Ohhh ... Oh God... Ohh Oohhhhh YES! YES! ahhhhhh!

Her thighs tightened around my head as the second orgasm I had given her with my tongue in as many minutes, took her to a whole new level of ecstasy. I continued to lick and suck at her pussy as she writhed against my mouth, pushing her body up to meet my tongue as I continued to lap her sweet love juices into my mouth.

When her orgasm subsided and she relaxed, I sat back on my heels, watching her, revelling in her beauty, feeling almost humble that such a beautiful lady was mine and was allowing me to be here with her.

She had gone so quiet I felt a moment of fear that I had gone too far.

"Was that all right?" I asked "I wasn't too rough, was I? I didn't hurt you did I?"

Joanne sat up, still shaking from the two orgasms that I had given her within the last few minutes. She looked at me, still kneeling there before her. Still fully dressed, and looking up at her in wonder.

"All right? Was that all right?" she exclaimed. Then her look changed and her smile faded.

"No Paul" she said "that was not 'all right'. How *could* you do that to me? I don't know what to say."

I was totally in shock. For a moment I thought I was really in deep trouble for something, but I didn't know what for. Then she must have seen the look on my face and her expression melted as she went into a fit of giggles.

"Now who's going to pay for dinner tonight?" She said. "First, you admit to me that it was a silly bet, just a trick so you could get me to go out on a date with you, and then you say you still intend to make me pay for the meal." In a very haughty voice, she said, "And *That, Sir*, is *NOT* how a gentleman behaves!" But I did have you worried, just for a moment there, didn't I?

The breath that I didn't until that moment realise I had been holding, rushed out of my lungs. "Don't *DO THAT* to me" I gasped. "For a moment there ... I thought Oh God! I don't know what I thought please don't scare me like that."

Her face changed to a look of concern for me. "My God Paul - I'm so sorry!" she said. "Didn't you know? Don't you know what you just did to me? All Right? No! That was not just 'all right'. That was nowhere near just 'all right'. 'All right' doesn't even come close. 'All Right' doesn't say anything at all about what you just did to me! That was absolutely fantastic. The room's still spinning, my insides are still tied in knots and you are kneeling there asking if it was 'ALL RIGHT? My God! Don't you realise what just happened here?"

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hungrily, tasting her own juices on my lips, pushing her tongue into my mouth to toy with mine. When she broke away, she hugged me tightly,

looked into my eyes and whispered.

"I am not going to ask who taught you how to do that, I don't think it is information, as a mother, I ought to enquire too deeply into. But, as your wife, can I send her my thanks and my eternal gratitude?"

But you keep away from her, you are mine now, so whoever she is, she can keep her hands off you."

"Now! If you don't get those clothes off and get onto this bed, right now, I just might have to tear them off your body and rape you, right there on the floor. Oh My God, that was Just thank you! - Oh my love, thank you.

Nothing and no-one has ever made me cum like that. Never! Not in the whole of my life. I thought I knew about making love, but I didn't know anything. I never knew what you have just done to me was even possible."

"Now, are you going to get yourself undressed and get onto this bed? Or do I have to get up from here, if I can still stand after what you have just done to me, and undress you like I did when you were a little boy? You see, there is a little part of me that is feeling very empty and neglected at this moment, and I think I know where I can find something which will fill that emptiness beautifully."

I stood up and looked down at her, still sitting, completely naked, on the bed. "After the scare you have just given me, I don't know if I should allow you to take advantage of me like that" I said, grinning at her, "after all, I am a sensitive, delicate, human being, not just a toy to be used and discarded."

She leaped off the bed and grabbed me by the lapels of the jacket, that, unbelievably, I was still wearing, throwing me onto my back on the bed, where she proceeded to undo my trousers. Fighting to stop myself collapsing into uncontrollable laughter I said, in a voice maybe just loud enough to be heard by someone standing beside the bed - which of course no one was,

"help! help! I am being attacked. help! rape!"

Then I looked up at her **"What the hell are you stopping for? Get on with it!"** -

*"help! I am being assaulted! **with any luck, that is!** Somebody stop her, she is going to have her wicked way with me I am powerless to resist."*

We were both laughing out loud now, as I raised my bottom off the bed to allow my trousers and underpants to be pulled down to my knees. My cock stood, pointing towards the ceiling, as hard as it had ever been in the whole of my life.

"Stop your whining and take it like a man" she giggled, as she swung her leg across my hips.

Holding my cock in her hand she lowered herself towards me. As the tip separated her lips and the tip of my penis slipped between them and began to enter her vagina, I felt her juices running down, soaking and lubricating the sensitive helmet shaped end of my cock, preparing it to enter her. From the gaiety of a second ago, suddenly the mood changed. The laughter stopped. We both knew this was a magical moment we would remember forever. This was the moment we fully consummated our love for each other for the first time. Laughter was out of place here, at this moment there was only room for love.

She leaned forward and we kissed. I have never felt such love, in a single kiss, as I felt at that moment.

"Now you are mine" she said as lips broke apart. "From this moment I am yours. Your father was my first and although several men have wanted to date me, there has never been anyone else. At the office parties, I have danced with several men and a few have wanted more than a dance and a goodnight kiss after the evening ended, but I have been with no-one.

I now give myself to you, without reservation. I am yours, now and forever;"

"With this act, I, Joanne Elizabeth Peters, take thee, Paul Martin James, to be my husband. To have and to hold, from this day forward. Yours, for as long as we both shall live."

With these words Joanne slowly lowered herself down, impaling herself all the way onto my waiting cock until my pubic hair merged with her newly trimmed landing strip.

Now I am going to sound like a real wimp!

Tears were running from my eyes and I was crying like a baby.

Of course, she didn't really notice, because she was every bit as bad as I was. Two people, making beautiful love together, both crying with the intensity of the emotions they were feeling.

Hardly what you would call 'macho, porn star' level, is it? But then, I never claimed to be that. I'm just a normal guy, making love for the first time, to the woman of his dreams. The expression of our love in our sexual joining, somehow took us to a completely different level. It was a long awaited joining of two lovers. It may not have been legal, but it truly was love, and I think love should be celebrated, wherever it is found. Legal or not, in that moment we *both* full knew the meaning of 'true love'.

All too soon I felt the first stirrings deep inside my balls. I suddenly remembered that I was not wearing anything. The condoms were still in their box in my case and I was about to ejaculate a huge load of very fertile sperm, deep inside my mother's vagina. "Anna" I cried "I am not wearing anything, and I am going to cum, you have to get off me."

She just looked down at me and smiled softly. She leaned forward again and whispered, "You are mine now, completely and utterly. You have accepted my body, which is freely given to you. It is yours, forever. Now I will not refuse *your* gift to me. Now it is for you to understand what I mean, when I say I am yours, totally and completely." Pressing her lips to mine she kissed me with such intensity I was lost in her, while, down where our bodies were joined in love, she forced herself down, holding me as deeply inside her as she could.

I could no more stop what was about to happen than I could have stopped an express train with one hand. My orgasm burst on me and I groaned out loud with every jet of cum that flooded deep inside her welcoming pussy. I don't think I have ever spurted so much or so hard, and I knew it was all going straight into her womb. She was moaning into my mouth as her vagina seemed to flutter around my cock, milking me, almost sucking out my semen till she drained the last drop from me. She never released her lips from mine as I came deep inside her, until I had completely finished.

There was, I knew, a fair chance that I had just made my new wife, who, just in case you had forgotten, also happened to be my mother ... Pregnant!

After I had finished cumming, she pulled away from our kiss, still keeping me deeply embedded inside her vagina, she smiled down at me. "Yes, my love, I do know what might happen, but I wanted your gift to me, on this, our first time together as man and wife. More than just wanted it, I needed it. I needed to feel your love inside me. Not in a rubber, to be tied and thrown away, but inside me. They tell us that God is Love. What we have just done was a demonstration of our love. I know there could be consequences to what we have just done, but that is now in God's hands."

She kissed me again and rolled off me, letting out another low moan as my softening cock slipped from her pussy.

"I actually hope I am not," she said with a little giggle. "Because if that was a sample of what is in store for me as your wife, I want to do a lot more of it in the coming months. Being pregnant would rather get in the way a bit. But if I *am* pregnant I know I will love our baby every bit as much as I love his or her father. Yes, I know it could cause a few, slightly awkward questions, but, if that happens, we will just have to think up some convincing answers, won't we? I won't be the first woman to bear her son's child, and I don't for one moment suppose I will be the last. Wouldn't you like a little brother or sister, as your son or daughter?"

As you said, we will have to deal with how we are going to live together without nosey people knowing we are now man and wife, so we can deal with this, if we have to, as well. If I am pregnant, I'm pregnant!"

I slid down the bed and, standing up, removed my trousers and pants which were bunched around my ankles. Then I grabbed her around her ankles and pulled her down the bed towards me. I dropped to my knees on the floor and once again I was kneeling between her legs. Putting her thighs back onto my shoulders I leaned forward, forcing her thighs up until they pointed to the ceiling.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed "you can't do that, I'm not clean down there now!"

"I didn't notice you saying I was dirty when you put my penis in your mouth this afternoon. In case you have forgotten, when I tried to warn you I was about to cum, you held me so I couldn't pull away. May I also remind you, you swallowed every drop when I did? It wasn't dirty then, why is it now? Anyway, now I have the second half of that song lyric to live up to.

Remember? - Dr Hook. -- 'When you think I've loved you all I can'?

Well, we have done that bit. Now we come to - 'I'm going to love you a little bit more'."

I dropped my face down between her thighs to her pussy, which was beginning to leak some of my cum. This was, for me, completely new territory! I had once, like most boys I suppose, tasted a drop of my own cum from my finger after masturbating, just out of curiosity. This was completely different. I intended to not only taste our combined juices, but see if I could lick what I had just pumped into her, back out again. While I was doing that I wanted to see if I could give her another orgasm to match the ones I had given her before.

The first taste seemed ok. There was a different, slightly salty, musty taste which wasn't there before, and I knew I now tasted my own cum. It wasn't as bad as I was afraid it might be, and I began to alternate licking her, and teasing her vagina, with sucking her clitoris into my mouth and flicking it with my tongue.

Almost immediately I felt her thighs tense and a low groan come from her lips.

More licking and pushing my tongue as deep into her love tunnel as I could reach, brought more moans of pleasure, and sucking her clit into my mouth and rolling it between my lips, made her arch her back, pushing her pussy harder into my face. I alternated between licking her pussy and licking, sucking and nibbling on her clitoris. I was also sucking as hard as I could as I sucked and tongued her vagina.

The taste of our combined juices was the flavour of our love, and after my first tentative lick I found I was beginning to enjoy the taste and wanted more. I admit, I wasn't too sure about the 'baby' thing, but it was too late now to worry about that. If she was pregnant, I knew I would be a better father to my sibling than my father had ever been to me! I had to be! I could hardly have been a worse one!

In only a few moments she was pushing herself towards me, pressing her pussy against my face. Her hands were gripping my head, holding my mouth tight to her as I forced my tongue into her, as deep as I could get. Returning my lips to her clitoris, I slipped my fingers deep into her, scooping back as much of my cum as I could reach. Then, releasing her clit, I lapped up what I had drawn out, then I sucked her clit back into my mouth as I pushed my fingers back inside her, seeking more of our juices.

Almost without any warning, she gave a long, drawn out cry, almost a scream, of pleasure.

"Ohhhhhhhh - my God -- Oh My God - yes Paul -- Oh God yes -- yes, yes - Ohhhhhh --YESSSSS! Ohhh! - aaaahh! OH SHIT - YES! Yes! Aaaaaaaahhh! Yes! Oh my love! -- Oh God! - Oohhhhhhhh! You Oh good God in heaven Ohhhhhh! Ohhh! Ohh! Oh Paul! Oh my love, Ohhhh my love I love you I love you!"

As she was crying out, her thighs clamped around my head and her pussy released a hot stream of her juices! There was so much, if I hadn't known that pee didn't taste like that, I would have thought she had lost control of her bladder, but those juices were not pee. My own mother had just squirted several jets of her love fluids, straight into my mouth. Luckily my pants were still on the floor alongside me. Grabbing them, I used them to clean her thighs and pussy, before wiping off what had missed my mouth and soaked my face.

I sat back onto my heels and I am sure I must have had quite a smug smile on my face. I know I was feeling pretty smug anyway. She was lying on her back on the bed, almost whimpering, with tears running from her eyes. "How was that?" I asked "Was that to madam's satisfaction? -- Perhaps you would like me to continue?"

She looked at me, but didn't attempt to sit up. "Don't You Bloody Dare!" She groaned.

I couldn't remember *ever* hearing her swear before. Now, twice within a few seconds she had used swear words. She had given me a big lecture when I was fourteen, just for saying 'Bloody'.

"Language!" I said. "A lady doesn't use that kind of language. At least, that's what you told me."

"Language be damned!" She said, "If you do that again I think you'll kill me! "*What in the name of all that's holy did you do to me then?* I thought that the last time, you had hit the absolute pinnacle but Oh my God!"

She held her hands out to me and taking them, I helped her to sit up. "Oh My! Look at the mess I have made! I am not even going to attempt to stand" she said, a bit shakily. "Would you mind

holding the room still for me while I just check I am still me, because I am not even sure of that anymore."

I put my arms around her and gently held her to me. I have to admit I was shaking a bit myself. "If it's any consolation, I don't know quite what happened there myself" I said, "But I think we might just have got something, just about right then, don't you?"

I can't promise that every time, but my love, I am definitely going to give it a very good try, because I kind of get the impression, I can't think where from, but it's just a strange feeling I have, - that you rather liked that."

She kissed me, "Don't get cocky, being smug doesn't suit you. I know this is hardly the time, and I understand what you said about waiting until we get home before we talk, but I want to tell you this one thing. Please listen, and don't try to stop me. Your father used to like to humiliate me in front of his friends. One thing he used to do was to brag that he could make me cum so hard it made me cry. Once he actually managed to do that, just once, and he never stopped bragging about it. He made me cry plenty of other times too, but only when he hurt me, not because he made me cum."

"Never, in all the years we were together, did he ever even come even close to how you made me feel, just with your lips and tongue, before we made love.

Then we! Oh My God! - We did it, didn't we? We actually did it! We made love!"

She hugged me to her so tightly I could hardly breathe. "Oh Paul! Thank you so much I Love You! That really was the best I have ever known. As I felt your seed spurting inside me, I knew this was right, it was what was meant to be. This is everything I have ever wanted.

Then you go and do *that* to me. Where on earth did that come from?"

"Once I read a story, it was a bit of a naughty story I admit, and the author wrote about the woman's juices gushing out of her. I threw the book away in disgust. Women don't gush fluids when they cum! Well I never had! Oh boy, do I owe that author an apology now! I made a bit of a mess, didn't I?"

"I think I got most of it" I said, "But I hate to bring this up, seeing as how you look as if you are thinking of settling down for the evening, but I'm beginning to feel a little bit hungry, and if we are going to make the restaurant for our 8.o'clock booking, I think we should get ourselves ready, don't you?"

"Huh!" She huffed. "A typical man. Romantic to the end! Once he has had his wicked way with a girl, all he thinks about is his stomach. You are going to have to help me to stand up though. I am not sure if my legs have reconnected to the rest of me yet."

I helped her to her feet and she wrapped her arms around my neck. It was too good a chance to miss, so I pressed my lips to hers, and we shared a long loving kiss.

"I think, much as I would like to stay here and just cuddle, on reflection, perhaps we ought to go and eat" she said. "After all neither of us have eaten since breakfast, and I think we have both used up quite a lot of energy in the last few minutes. I don't want you going all weak on me half way through the night, now do I?"

"We will have to see who cries 'enough' first then, won't we? Did you pack the things I bought for you for tonight?" I asked.

"You'll have to wait and see, won't you," she replied, "you can't expect a lady to give you details of the underwear she intends to wear on a date, in advance, and especially not when it's their first date.

Oh God! This is still only our first real date, isn't it?"

"Hmmmmm!" I said, smiling at her "I think, for a first date, it's going quite well. Do you think I will manage to get a second?"

"It's just possible" she said, "I will have to see how you behave later. Now, young man! If you want us to make it to the restaurant by 8.o'clock, you had better go and use the bathroom. Hopefully, by the time you have finished in there I will have got back some control over my body, and I will be able to tidy myself up enough to 'WOW!' the restaurant for you. I hope you haven't totally ruined my hair, but I know I am going to have to re-do my face."

I gently kissed her again and as I broke away, I smiled at her. "You look absolutely beautiful to me right now, but let's make every man in there drool, shall we? Now, are you all right to stand without my help?"

"I think I can manage that now" she said "But it's a near thing. You go and get ready and then I will tidy myself up a little and we can go down. In a normal room I would have sent you down to the bar to wait for me, but as we have our own sitting room, I suppose you can wait for me in there. A lady likes to keep some secrets, we don't like to give everything away too soon, it adds to our 'air of mystery'.

Also, If I remember correctly, there was a bottle of champagne in that cooler and following what we have just been doing, I think a glass of that is called for, don't you? Let's see if your social skills run to opening champagne, *without* the cork smashing the windows and the wine ruining the carpet, shall we?"

I went through to the lounge area, and took the bottle from the cooler. I thought what a good idea it was, instead of an 'ice bucket'. It would keep the wine chilled however long it was before it was opened'.

I must admit here that I smiled to myself, because I had opened champagne before, several times, and I always thought it was a waste when I saw someone fire the cork around the room and soak everything in range with the wine. It's much better to do it properly. Then there are no injuries from the cork and you keep the wine, with the fizz still in it, for the glasses.

I opened the bottle, with a subdued 'POP' and poured two glasses, topping up when the froth had subsided, then turned to take them through to the bedroom.

Joanne was leaning against the door frame watching me. She was still looking a bit bemused as I handed her one of the glasses.

"Mmmmm! Impressive!" She said, "He drives me mad with passion *and* he knows how to open champagne properly. That second date is a definite possibility, I think I am going to enjoy being married to you."

"I know we haven't had a traditional wedding, with speeches and that," I said "but can I now propose a toast"

"To my beautiful new wife and to our future. - Together forever." We raised our glasses to each other and drank a toast to ourselves.

I didn't take long in the bathroom, just a quick tidy up and shave, body splash and cologne, before handing the room over to Joanne. She handed me her empty glass, and with a grin, said, "If there is any left in that bottle Before it goes flat ..."

I poured her a second glass, topping my own up at the same time. Tapping on the door I asked "are you decent?" She opened the bathroom door just a little and her face had a huge smile as she said "No! I don't think I am ever going to be what anyone would call 'decent' ever again, but I don't care. I love you Paul James, and I fully intend to be as totally indecent as you could possibly want me to be.

Now this bathroom and bedroom are '*strictly out of bounds*' until I am ready - Is that understood?"

"Yes Mum!" I said

"And DONT call me that, or you will get us arrested"

"No Mum!" I said, grinning.

"Men!" she said, rolling her eyes and taking the glass from me. Then she closed the bathroom door.

I wondered what she didn't want me to know about. After all, she was going to wear the dress and shoes I had picked out for her, and I assumed, the underwear I had bought for her, so what was she being so coy about me seeing? She must have had something in mind, but I didn't know what. I supposed I would find out when she was ready, so I sat down in the lounge and waited. I heard her finish in the bathroom and return to the bedroom, and then everything went quiet.

It seemed like ages had passed and there was still no sign of her. I looked at my watch and it was almost 7.40, so I called out through the closed door what the time was.

"I won't be long, stay out there." came the response.

Five minutes later the bedroom door opened and a vision of total beauty entered the lounge. I had seen her looking gorgeous before and it had taken my breath away, but that was nothing compared to how she looked now. I was dumbfounded. My heart was pounding and I stood there in awe of the lady I would be escorting to the restaurant, and following that, for the rest of our lives.

"Will I do?" she asked, standing there in that deep plum red dress that I had picked out for her to wear tonight.

"Do?" I replied when I managed to speak. "I think I can speak for every man in this hotel when I say - Yes, you will do very nicely. But for me, all I can say is - Oh God! ... WOW!"

Then she did a slow 'twirl' in front of me. "What do you think? Do you like them?" She asked.

That was when I noticed for the first time her stockings. They were definitely not the ones I had bought for her in M&S. They were black, fully fashioned, seamed stockings, with stiletto pointed

heel reinforcement. They made her legs look even more fantastic than before. "Where did those stockings come from?" I asked, "Only they are definitely not the ones I bought for you."

"I have had them for some time, tucked away at the bottom of a drawer. Do you like them?"

I thought for a moment before I answered. "They are not more than ten years old are they? You are not wearing something that you bought to wear for *him* are you?"

She looked almost stunned by what I had asked. "No! I bought them to wear with this dress for that Christmas party, but decided they made me look too 'available' so didn't wear them. Oh Paul, my love, I wouldn't do that to you. There is *nothing* in my wardrobe that I had before I threw him out. I sent most of the clothes I had then to a charity shop and the things which couldn't go there went to the tip. These were going to be my surprise for you, but I will change them if you want me to."

I moved to her and took her in my arms. "No, it's all right, they look really sexy, and I apologise if I sound, kind of jealous, but I want nothing from him, ever, he has no place anywhere near us, and especially not tonight. Now! Are you sure we need to eat?" I asked, "Only I have just had an idea about something else I would like to do."

"Easy tiger" she said, grinning all over her face, "if you are a very good boy that comes later, but for now, it's time to eat. We have to keep your strength up, don't we?"

At the restaurant entrance we were met and asked for our names.

"Mr and Mrs James" I said, with a huge grin. I was going to have to get used to this little bounce in my chest every time I said those words, although I assumed it would wear off in time.

"Follow me please" the 'Maitre d' said, and led us to a table.

Joanne had indeed drawn the eyes of almost every man in the place, and a couple of the ladies were giving their partners very dirty looks because their faces had betrayed, shall I say, 'more than just a casual interest'.

Almost as soon as we were seated, the 'Sommelier' (fancy name for a wine waiter) arrived with the wine list. I selected a modest bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon, noticing as I did that the wine prices looked a little steep. The waiter left and I said quietly to Joanne,

"I think you may have created something of an impression when we came in my love, although I think you might have got a couple of the men into trouble with their wives, later."

Another waiter arrived with the menus and we set about deciding what we were going to eat.

The sommelier then returned with the wine. As he showed me the bottle I noticed that this wasn't the one I had ordered. Still a cabernet sauvignon, but this was a much more expensive one. I looked up at him, but before I could speak, he said,

"The restaurant manager suggested you might prefer this one sir, as this is such a special occasion. It is, of course with his compliments."

I looked at him, not knowing what to say. "Please thank him from the two of us" was the best that I could come up with. "But does the whole hotel know about us now?"

He grinned at me, "I am rather afraid that word has got around sir," he said "I think you might find that all of the staff are going to be doing whatever they can to make this night memorable, and I think you might also find some of the other guests are in on the secret too."

He uncorked the bottle and poured a taster into my glass.

Now, I don't consider myself to be a wine connoisseur, but I knew immediately that this wine was in a whole different class to anything I usually drank.

"Thank you" I said.

He poured the wine for Joanne and then added more to my glass. "Enjoy your meal sir" he said and left.

Joanne had seen my reaction when I tasted the wine, so she took a sip from her glass. "Now, *that* is a very nice wine" she said, "Not your normal 'vin - ordinaire'."

"An improvement on a can of 'Coke' from the chip shop then?" I said grinning.

"Definitely" she replied "But I can see us existing on bread and water for the rest of the month after tonight."

"We had better enjoy this while it lasts then, hadn't we, although the wine is, apparently a gift from the restaurant manager."

The waiter returned, and we placed our order for food.

The food was every bit as good as the reviews on the web had said it would be. Everything was perfect.

Any restaurant is only as good as the chef, and this hotel certainly had a chef who was a long way better than just good. I knew as soon as I tasted the food that we were in for an even bigger treat than we had with the wine and the wine was superb.

All through the meal, both Joanne and I were absolutely 'blown away' by the standard of service and the quality of the food which was being served. I noticed that the 'Maitre d' was watching everything which came out of the kitchens for us, and I wondered if the chef and the whole restaurant were putting on a special 'show'. I thought that it was impossible, everyone was being served quickly and everything seemed to run like a well oiled machine, but somehow the service Joanne and I were getting seemed just that little more attentive. It was almost as if the hotel had been put on alert and we were being treated as V.I.Ps'.

Joanne had noticed it as well, because she leaned over to me and whispered "This is a bit scary. Imagine if they found out we are really a mother and son."

"Don't even think it!" I said "We would get locked up."

We finished the meal and we were just deciding whether to go straight back to the room, or look in on the entertainment in the lounge first, when I was surprised to see Lisa approaching our table.

"Is everything as you would have wanted it?" She asked.

"Everything is perfect! I certainly think I hit the jackpot when I found this hotel on the internet. Although it does appear that our little 'secret' has, sort of, 'leaked' a bit," I said with a smile.

Lisa looked a little concerned. "I'm afraid that is my fault" she said, "Well, mine and Mr Richardson's. We let slip some of what had gone wrong for you today, and everyone seems to have decided to do their best to make everything perfect for you."

"Mr Richardson?" I asked.

"The manager" she said, "After he heard what you said in reception, he was really keen to make this evening really special for you. His own marriage broke up just over a year ago. His wedding day, sort of 'went wrong', as well and he told me he was sure that the problems they had on their wedding day, was one of the main reasons his marriage broke up. He said their marriage never really recovered from what happened at their reception. He was very upset about the divorce.

He hides it well, but I think he is a real romantic. Please don't tell him I said that though. When I told him that I thought something similar had happened to you he just said - "We can turn this around for them, we can at least give *them* a chance at making it work". Whenever we have a wedding here, he works his socks off to make sure everything is right."

"You like him a little bit, don't you Lisa" I said, smiling at her.

She blushed, and said "I think he is a nice man, and he is a very good boss to work for. He doesn't stand for anyone messing about, but his door is always open and he would go out of his way to help anyone. Yes I do like him.

What I came in to ask you is, would you care to join us in the lounge, after dinner. We have a resident musical trio on a Saturday night, and there is dancing. They are very good, and Mr Richardson has asked me to ask if you would like to join us."

I looked at Joanne, and she nodded. "Yes we would love to join you the lounge and listen to the music. It sounds like it will round off what has been a perfect evening, but I can't call him Mr Richardson, all evening, it's much too formal. Especially after everything he, and you, have done for us today. What is his Christian name?"

Lisa blushed again as she said, "It's Simeon".

"If Simeon and you would like us to join you in the lounge, we would be honoured." I said.

"I will let him know you are coming, he will be pleased" said Lisa.

I looked at Joanne when she had gone. "What do you think? I think she has really 'got it bad' for him, but she isn't going to admit it to us, and I don't think she has admitted it to him either."

"I think you could be right" she said "she blushed when you said 'you like him' and again when she said his name. She quite obviously thinks a lot of him. But I've never seen him. You saw them together, what about him? Do you really think he is interested in her?"

"When he looked at Lisa in reception I just knew he had feelings for her, not just as an efficient receptionist, but personal feelings. He is a bit older than her, but not all that much older," I said. "I don't think there is as big an age gap as there is between us. He is very young to hold the position of Manager in a hotel of this size and quality. If they do both stay with us in the lounge tonight, how would you feel about us trying to get them a little closer together?"

"You're scheming again Paul" she said "We can't go interfering in other people's relationships."

"I wouldn't dream of it," I said, "But she has just said that he is single, and she isn't wearing a wedding ring, so if they stay with us, and an opportunity comes up, I will see if I can think of some way we can get them together. If I can, just follow my lead. All we can do is give a little push, after that it's up to them.

Now! It looks very much as if there is something set up for us in there, so we had better go and 'face the music' hadn't we."

We got up from our chairs and headed towards the exit. *To be continued*